

The Midland

VOLUME FIVE

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA
AND GLENNIE, MICHIGAN
1919

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INDEX TO VOLUME FIVE

<i>Adventurer, The</i> , poem, DAVID MORTON,	49
ANDERSON, MAXWELL, <i>Autumn Again</i> , poem,	74
<i>Despair</i> , poem,	73
" <i>Après la Guerre</i> ," poem, MARTIN FEINSTEIN,	17
<i>April Showers</i> , poem, RICHARD WARNER BORST,	139
<i>Autumn Again</i> , poem, MAXWELL ANDERSON,	74
<i>Ballad</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	92
BECKER, CHARLOTTE, <i>Nocturne</i> , poem,	19
BENJAMIN, PAUL LYMAN, <i>The Dead Poet</i> , poem,	18
<i>Blessed Are the Dead</i> , story, MAGDALENE CRAFT,	93
<i>Boot Hill Graveyard</i> , poem, GWENDOLEN HASTE,	210
BORST, RICHARD WARNER, <i>April Showers</i> , poem,	139
<i>In a Cathedral</i> , poem,	139
<i>To the Memory of Buffalo Bill</i> , poem,	71
BROWNELL, AGNES MARY, <i>The Quest</i> , story,	220
<i>Candle, The</i> , poem, FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER,	99
<i>Candles</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	47
<i>Caprice</i> , poem, BERNARD RAYMUND,	253
" <i>C'est la Guerre</i> ," poem, MARTIN FEINSTEIN,	16
COLLIER, TARLETON, <i>The Gracious Veil</i> , story,	130
<i>Come Back</i> , poem, ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY,	2
COOPER, HOYT, <i>The Old Roman Road</i> , poem,	44
CRAFT, MAGDALENE, <i>Blessed Are the Dead</i> , story,	93
CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM, <i>In the Key of Blue</i> , poem,	164
<i>Trees</i> , poem,	166
<i>Day, A</i> , story, FLORENCE KIPER FRANK,	168
<i>Dead Poet, The</i> , poem, PAUL LYMAN BENJAMIN,	18
<i>December Woods</i> , poem, BERNARD RAYMUND,	259
<i>Despair</i> , poem, MAXWELL ANDERSON,	73
DRESBACH, GLENN WARD, <i>Songs While the Leaves Are Falling</i> , poem,	216
<i>Echoes</i> , poem, CHANDLER TRIMBLE,	48

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<i>Editorial,</i>	1
<i>Elegy</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	92
<i>Estranged</i> , poem, FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER,	98
<i>Fanning the Spark</i> , anonymous,	202
FEINSTEIN, MARTIN, "Apres la Guerre," poem,	17
"C'est la Guerre," poem,	16
FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD, <i>To Us in Eden</i> , poem,	70
<i>The Road Runs Past</i> , poem,	209
FRAIKEN, WANDA, <i>Love Everlasting</i> , story,	101
FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER, <i>A Day</i> , story,	168
<i>Freshman, The</i> , poem, EDNA TUCKER MUTH,	269
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER, <i>Sark of the Leewards</i> , poem,	88
<i>Gracious Veil, The</i> , story, TARLETON COLLIER,	130
<i>Gypsy, The</i> , poem, ALICE PINIFER,	139
HALL, HAZEL, <i>My Grave</i> , poem,	90
HARRISON, DON, <i>The Mixing</i> , story,	174
HASTE, GWENDOLEN, <i>Boot Hill Graveyard</i> , poem,	210
<i>Heart-Cry</i> , poem, FLORENCE SHUFELT RIVOLA,	161
HOLBROOK, WEARE, <i>The Penitent</i> , story,	136
HOYT, HELEN, <i>Landscape</i> , poem,	100
<i>If I Go Down</i> , poem, BERNARD RAYMUND,	257
<i>If This Is Youth</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	47
<i>In a Cathedral</i> , poem, RICHARD WARNER BORST,	139
<i>In Memory of ———</i> , poem, FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER,	100
<i>In the Key of Blue</i> , poem, NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD,	164
JACKSON, LEROY F., <i>The Prairie Mother</i> , poem,	200
JOOR, HARRIET, <i>Toinette Sketches</i> , stories,	260
KNIGHT, REYNOLDS, <i>Melody Jim</i> , story,	272
<i>Knowing Dad</i> , story, IVAL MCPKAK,	20
<i>Landscape</i> , poem, HELEN HOYT,	100
<i>Love Everlasting</i> , story, WANDA FRAIKEN,	101
<i>Man's Reach, A</i> , story, CLARA F. MCINTYRE,	140

INDEX

v

MCCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL, <i>When Comes That Hour</i> , poem,	50
MCCLELLAN, WALTER, <i>To V. C. G.</i> , poem,	270
MCINTYRE, CLARA F., <i>A Man's Reach</i> , story,	140
MCPEAK, IVAL, <i>Knowing Dad</i> , story,	20
<i>Melody Jim</i> , story, REYNOLDS KNIGHT,	272
<i>Mixing, The</i> , story, DON HARRISON,	174
MIXTER, FLORENCE KILPATRICK, <i>Estranged</i> , poem,	98
<i>In Memory of ———</i> , poem,	100
<i>The Candle</i> , poem,	99
<i>Moonlight Sonata, The</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	91
MORTON, DAVID, <i>The Adventurer</i> , poem,	49
<i>Mourning</i> , poem, SAMUEL ROTH,	172
MUTH, EDNA TUCKER, <i>The Freshman</i> , poem,	269
<i>The White Wake</i> , story,	3
<i>My Grave</i> , poem, HAZEL HALL,	90
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND, <i>Weaver</i> , poem,	211
<i>Nocturne</i> , poem, CHARLOTTE BECKER,	19
<i>Old Roman Road, The</i> , poem, HOYT COOPER,	44
<i>Pastel for March</i> , poem, MABEL K. RICHARDSON,	96
<i>Penitent, The</i> , story, WEARE HOLBROOK,	136
PINIFER, ALICE, <i>The Gypsy</i> , poem,	138
<i>Postage Stamp, The</i> , story, WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE,	75
<i>Prairie Mother, The</i> , poem, LEROY F. JACKSON,	200
<i>Promise</i> , poem, FLORENCE SHUFELT RIVOLA,	162
<i>Quest, The</i> , story, MARY AGNES BROWNELL,	220
RAYMUND, BERNARD, <i>Caprice</i> , poem,	258
<i>December Woods</i> , poem,	259
<i>If I Go Down</i> , poem,	257
<i>White Magic</i> , poem,	258
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH, <i>The Wood Thrush</i> , poem,	97
<i>Return, The</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	46
RICHARDSON, MABEL K., <i>Pastel for March</i> , poem,	96
RIVOLA, FLORENCE SHUFELT, <i>Heart-Cry</i> , poem,	161
<i>Promise</i> , poem,	162
<i>Road Runs Past, The</i> , poem, MAHLON LEONARD FISHER,	209

ROSENBLATT, BENJAMIN, <i>Stepping Westward</i> , story,	212
ROTH, SAMUEL, <i>Mourning</i> , poem,	172
<i>Sundown</i> , poem,	173
ROUSE, WILLIAM MERRIAM, <i>The Postage Stamp</i> , story,	75
Ruth, poem, CHANDLER TRIMBLE,	162
<i>Sark of the Leewards</i> , poem, RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER,	88
<i>School Teacher, The</i> , story, MARJORIE SUTHERLAND,	51
SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN, <i>Ballad</i> , poem,	92
<i>Candles</i> , poem,	47
<i>Elegy</i> , poem,	92
<i>If This Is Youth</i> , poem,	47
<i>The Moonlight Sonata</i> , poem,	91
<i>The Return</i> , poem,	46
<i>Sorrow</i> , poem,	91
<i>Songs While the Leaves Are Falling</i> , poem, GLENN WARD	
DRESBACH,	216
<i>Sorrow</i> , poem, MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT,	91
<i>Stepping Westward</i> , story, BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT,	212
<i>Sundown</i> , poem, SAMUEL ROTH,	173
SUTHERLAND, MARJORIE, <i>The School Teacher</i> , story,	51
<i>'Toinette Sketches</i> , stories, HARRIET JOOR,	260
<i>To the Memory of Buffalo Bill</i> , poem, RICHARD WARNER BORST,	71
<i>To Us in Eden</i> , poem, MAHLON LEONARD FISHER,	70
<i>To V. C. G.</i> , poem, WALTER MCCLELLAN,	270
<i>Trees</i> , poem, NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD,	166
TRIMBLE, CHANDLER, <i>Echoes</i> , poem,	48
<i>Ruth</i> , poem,	162
TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND, <i>Come Back</i> , poem,	2
<i>Weaver</i> , poem, LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL,	211
<i>When Comes That Hour</i> , poem, JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY,	50
<i>White Magic</i> , poem, BERNARD RAYMUND,	258
<i>White Wake, The</i> , story, EDNA TUCKER MUTH,	3
<i>Wood Thrush, The</i> , poem, LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE,	97

The Midland

A MAGAZINE OF THE MIDDLE WEST

VOL. V JANUARY—FEBRUARY 1919 NOS. 1-2

Editorial

In the death of Raymond H. Durboraw, November third, 1918, *THE MIDLAND* lost one of its most loyal friends. He could be called a founder of the magazine in the truest sense, for he was one of the group of four young men whose association at the State University of Iowa in 1910-11 may be said to mark the inception of *THE MIDLAND* idea. When the actual plans for the magazine were in process of development, in the summer and fall of 1914, Mr. Durboraw's enthusiastic belief in the project, his steadiness and clearness of vision, were of service which it would be hard to over-estimate. He was one of the most active of the associate editors during the crucial first year of the magazine's existence. His fidelity in sharing the burdens of that year, and his hopefulness in the face of discouragements, were alike unfailing. The circumstances of the next two years prevented his assumption of an active part in the magazine's development; but the knowledge of his steadfast interest was always a real encouragement, and his judgment was appealed to on all important matters of policy. In the last year of his

life the magazine again had the advantage of his active participation as an editor. The fourth volume shows the influence of his taste in the choice of material, and gives testimony to his painstaking care in the make-up and proof-reading.

The expression of his friendship was frank, consistent, forgetful of self. He gave himself to high causes, and he knew no ignoble fears.

"The readiness is all."

Come Back

By ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

I pass a window opening on the street
Where someone plays a melancholy song.
Have I not heard that wail and known it long?
Or why the faltering of my eager feet?
The present day and present hour retreat
Before the host of Yesterdays that throng
Out of a Past, whose pulses beat so strong,
That it must rise again and we must meet.

What song is this at which the dead years start?
What bitter-sweet memorial of a heart
To dreams long shattered by Life's stony track?
What ghost of all the Springs that seemed so fair —
Lost youth, lost love, — what voice of vain despair
That vainly calls: "Come back! come back! come
back!"?

The White Wake

By EDNA TUCKER MUTH

It was nearly midnight, and Beth, wrapped in her blue bathrobe, was writing to Lieutenant Herbert L. Peyton, Company E, —th Battalion, —th Engineers. She had pulled a rug over the crack under the door, that her father might not see the light, and upon a square of white paper, edged with pink, was scratching: "I came by our spring today, Herb. It is all frozen over. There are icicles on the cup. I remembered that day, when we —" She heard the front door close softly, and her father's careful foot on the stair. A moment she held her pen poised, for he had sharp ears. The Sanders' children went early to bed. Father wouldn't like it a bit her sitting up to write a letter. He went into his room, and scratch — scratch, Beth wrote of a day to come, when they could go down to the spring together, the icicles melted, the war at an end.

Suddenly she heard her mother's voice rise high and shrill, her father's answering, brusque and sharp. They were almost always quiet, when her father came in late. They paused abruptly. They had heard something. Not from Beth's room, but from Toby's across the hall.

"Mother," he was shrieking, "make Beth go to bed. There's a light coming through the keyhole!" She had forgotten the keyhole. The door of her mother's room opened sharply.

"Beth, aren't you in bed? You need all the rest you can get. You've a hard day before you."

Beth threw her pen away, pushed her chair back to the bureau, scraping the polished boards, pulled the rug from the door, muttering to herself: "Nineteen years old, engaged to be married, and can't sit up an extra hour. 'Tomorrow — hard day' — pick out yarn for striped socks. Herb hates fussy things."

She awoke once, in the night, and thought that she heard her father at the telephone. She lay awake for some time, and the injustice of being sent to bed prompted the thought that in this hour lost from sleep she might have finished the letter.

They were eating breakfast, when a boy came by crying the extra. Toby jumped up, but his father stopped him.

"Sit down! Sit down and eat your breakfast! Those extras take away my appetite."

Toby subsided.

"Where's the morning paper?" asked Beth.

"Why, where is it?" her mother asked innocently. Her father made no reply. He was eating very fast, with his eyes upon his plate. Toby watched him for a minute, and then he too began to eat fast. He was seldom allowed that privilege. Presently, he began to clatter his spoon, and that going without reprimand, he tipped his bowl and sent his tongue ranging about for the last drop of cream.

"Toby!" cried Beth. "Mother, do you see what that child's doing?"

She had not seen. Now, as they all frowned upon Toby's activities, he lifted his round china-blue eyes above the rim of his bowl, and called out: "Why, there's the paper, on the hall-rack. It's slipping over behind. I can pretty near see it upside down." He released his bowl to read: "U. S. Transport Sunk by —"

"Now, Beth —" her mother began, but Beth could not be stayed. She snatched at the paper.

"Tuscania —th Engineers — daddy, look — mother — oh — Herb must have been on that boat —"

Her father pushed back from the table and went into the hall. Her mother put an arm about Beth and spoke sternly.

"Now, control yourself! There are always distorted accounts. Nearly all the men were taken off by other boats. The lists will be in soon. Sh — Don't make a fuss, before daddy and Toby! Soldiers risk their lives every day —"

Her father came in from the hall. He was dressed for the ride to town.

"Father, isn't there some way — something —"

"I'll telephone if any word comes. Mother, a board meeting on tonight. We may make a dinner of it. Don't sit up!" He was going. He wasn't making anything of the sinking of the transport. He didn't seem to realize. Once, on the screen, Beth had seen a periscope cutting across the water — the white wake of it — she began to moan.

"Now, now," said her father casually, "don't make a fuss till we know about it. I thought last

night that there wasn't a bit of truth in the flash. They get wild —"

"You knew it last night?"

"I heard something, but didn't think much of the report. — So many rumors. I'll call up. I'm in an awful hurry. Going to take over the welding contract Goodby, Betsy! Goodby, Beth! Toby, don't forget to sweep the back walk!"

Her father was gone to a board meeting, just as though this were an ordinary day. He had been in a hurry and had thought of welding. He hadn't given a moment to the — to *it*, but he had taken time to tell Toby about the back walk. Beth remembered that awful picture of the periscope — the torpedo —

She heard her mother's voice calling to her.

"Beth, stop — here, take my hand! Toby, run away! Now, behave yourself — behave yourself!"

She sat up in cold wonder. They hadn't any of them any time. That was plain. They didn't want a scene. Very well! If his going meant nothing to them; if the wreck of her life was such a slight thing, she would not let them see how she was suffering. Her father might go to his board meeting, and her mother pick out yarn for stripes, and Toby — Toby was at the table lapping cream once more.

"Where are you going, Beth?"

"I want to be alone — to think —"

"That's my brave girl! That's good! Herb is probably safe and sound, somewhere in Ireland. I wonder if we can — if we can go about ten?"

"Go?"

"Yes, for that yarn. Mrs. Lowell likes the dark blue, but some of the other women —"

"I can't — I can't pick out yarn —"

"Why, yes, dear, you can. I don't see how I can get through without you. You promised to help and after you think things out a bit, you'll see how much better it will be to keep right on working while you wait. After all, there are hundreds and hundreds of our boys landing — maybe this very minute, Herb — Toby, stop — stop! Put down your father's bowl!"

As Beth entered her room, her eyes fell upon the unfinished letter; she remembered a day, when in giving Herb a cup of the spring water, she had said, "Now wish — anything in reason," and Herb had answered, "That I'll come back to you." He had been so straight and brown from his summer in the camp. Beth put her head down on the letter and cried softly. There came a loud knock at the door, followed by violent pounding.

"Let me in! Say, Beth, you let me in! I can get a pair for a quarter —"

"Go away!"

Where was Beth's mother? She asked herself the question, bitterly. Was no hour sacred to this family? She supposed she had better open the door. Toby's kicks were destructive.

"Beth, don't cry. I can get a pair from —"

"Tell me what you want and then go!"

"Jim Price will give me two for a quarter — white rats. I got five cents already. I like to see

their little pink eyes. You would too, Beth. Gee, Beth, they're awful cute. Once Jim trained one of his to hide behind the gem-pans in the pantry, on the shelf. His mother didn't find it out till — The rat lived there, you know. You know the time I carried your bag down to the station, when — Gee, they got pink eyes — Say, Beth, don't cry, Herb can swim like a fish."

"Ask mother for the money."

"She said maybe you —"

Beth found two dimes and gave them to Toby. After he had gone, she sat down upon the floor, beside her wicker glory box, and opening it ran her fingers over the monogram on a tablecloth. It belonged to her pansy set. Herb liked that the best of all. Beth put her head down on the pansies and began to cry again. Her mother called from the stair: "May I come in by your south window, to set up this sweater? It's so cold in the house today."

Yes, it was cold in that house. No one understood. It had been a long time since her father and mother had courted by the spring, and anyway their courtship had been different. There hadn't been any war.

She remembered, now, that her father had never made very much of her engagement. He had said only: "Well, old lady, so you're grown up, are you?" and had walked to the window. Her mother had been more demonstrative, but even she — she had been sorry that Herb was poor. Perhaps they hadn't cared to have her marry him, and now that he was gone — Beth grew colder and colder. They should never know how much she cared.

"Beth, will you do this purling for me? It seems as though I'll never learn to purl —"

"Mother, I — I can't knit today —"

"Some women hire their purling done and I'm sure I should too, if it weren't for you. Clara took hers out eighteen times. Beth, if you would only —"

Beth took the bulky ball, the amber needles. She counted and recounted. As she began to knit, her mother began to talk. She couldn't stand any more. She couldn't!

"Please, mother —"

"Bless the child, it's getting late and we've a lot to do. I'll hurry around and get into something. I'm so glad that you feel you can go with me —"

"No, no, mother, I didn't say — I can't —"

"I'm sure you will feel better for the outing."

Her mother was gone, almost before Beth realized that her excuse had not been accepted. She began to dress slowly. Her father had not telephoned. She knew that, in his place, she would have moved heaven and earth. She would have sent messages to Washington, and to England and — everywhere. She would have put off wedding until she knew about Herb. It was dreadful, this waiting and being treated like the small girl of the family. They were ignoring her as though she and Herb didn't count. She must go on this way until the lists began to arrive, and even then — her father and mother would never understand. To them she was still a child. They would never take her seriously.

Half way to the car, her mother remembered that she had forgotten to tell her father about the Field

Orphan tickets. She left Beth and ran back, bumping the door as she entered, her hat bobbed to one side.

"Well?" Beth straightened her mother's hat.

"He didn't hear anything. Just as I thought, he had forgotten those tickets. Your father is so absent-minded. I wonder if I'm not that way too. Have you noticed that I don't concentrate as I used to?"

Beth's mother talked all the time. Beth longed for that minute in which she might think about Herb, but the minute never came. Instead, she must look at the silver trimming on a coat, or admire brown fur.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached home. Toby met them.

"Jim sold his yesterday. I guess with thirty cents, or maybe thirty-five — Jim thinks we can get some at Peak's. Peak's rats are higher priced. Their little pink eyes and their longy tails — Say, Beth, I bet you never saw such rats — What you looking at me that way for? Mother, make Beth stop looking at me like that. I didn't do anything."

"You might run right down to Peak's now, Toby, while sister and I rest. I'm willing to give you thirty-five cents if —" Toby ran down the street.

Mr. Sanders did not come home to dinner, neither did he telephone. After dinner, Beth's mother said: "I wonder if we couldn't have a little music?"

"Not tonight — please, not tonight, mother."

"Or a little game of cribbage. Cribbage is such a

pleasant game. And we'll build a fire in the fire-place and pop corn. Toby will build it, won't you, Toby? Oh, yes, dear — anything to help sister and mother."

Toby knelt by the andirons.

"Peak is all sold out. But I bet I know where I can find a whole slew of white rats —"

"Oh, white rats! White rats! As if anything like that matters, when Herb — mother, I'm going mad!"

"Hush, dear! You must think of someone beside yourself. Toby is only a little boy. He doesn't understand. Think about him and about — us." Her mother looked away. Beth grew very angry. Always she must think of someone else; her father and his welding, her mother and yarn, Toby and white rats. They didn't care. Very well, she would show them!

"I'm all right. I'll just sit here and think."

"But you'll hold a book, won't you, dear? Just hold it in your hands. You can think quite as well with a book before you, and you look better. You will hold it, won't you, dear?"

Her mother thrust a book into her hands. Presently, she began to flutter its leaves, catching a phrase here and there, then the gist of a page, then another. This was an odd situation. How did it all come out? As she began to read the black load shifted and at length fell away. When the clock pealed the Sanders' curfew, Beth was sleepy.

In the morning, as soon as she heard her father

stirring, Beth went to the door of his room. He did not reply to her first gentle appeal, and she rapped again smartly.

"Hello, there, old lady!"

"Didn't you hear — a bit of news?"

"Just general information as yet. Don't worry! There are at least eighteen hundred — Where's my tie, Betsy?"

"Father —"

Mr. Sanders came out and closed the door behind him.

"Look here, Beth, you've got to keep up. The lists will be along pretty soon. I was busy yesterday or —"

"Oh, daddy —"

"Hush! Don't let mother hear you. Beth, you've got to buck up. You've got to do it! Think what a brave kid you sent across, and for Heaven's sake buck up! Think of all the chances, and stop! Stop! I tell you! Behave yourself!"

Beth's father shook her. He was plainly disgusted. Here was the fact again. No one understood. Very well. She wouldn't give way. She would show them.

They sat down at the table. Toby was flushed with success. He was once more on the track of white rats.

"Down across the river, there's a good place that don't charge high. They're cute. They have such —"

Oh, if the white rat season would ever close! Why did her father and mother talk incessantly?

"Today, I think we will go over the chests in the garret, Beth and I. Daddy, may we go over your college box? Those letters that your aunt wrote to your mother after her husband — after the Little Big Horn?"

"Mother, I can't regulate today — I can't —"

"Oh, yes, Beth. This is the very day for it. I've been waiting for a sunny day. We'll just drag out the trunks. I never let Clara touch a thing. Toby, if you would like to help —"

"I'm going down across the river for white rats. The biggest has a brown spot on his side. Jim and Peak have both seen it. Peak says —"

"Daddy, will you bring us home one of those big boxes of candy? The kind we used to buy Beth, when —"

"Oh, please, not candy. Mother, I can't regulate."

"You could go down across the river with me."

The spring! On their way to the river, they would pass the spring. She would stop there and think about Herb.

"I could go across the river."

Toby's freckled face beamed.

"Brown as anything. Jim and Peak both say it. On his side —"

Once more Beth's father went tearing out for his coat.

"Goodby, Betsy! Goodby, old lady! Toby, don't forget the back walk!"

Beth wandered restlessly about the rooms. Her mother hadn't paid any attention to her expressed preference. She was preparing to regulate. Of old Beth had loved that college box, those brave letters from Wyoming, but today — why did they all insist on having her help today? This was her day to think and to mourn. They behaved as though it didn't matter. Very well. She would go on and regulate. She would eat candy, if her father was so cruel as to buy it. She would notice the brown spot on the rat. They should never know. But, at night — when they were all in bed, she would pull the rug across the crack under the door, and think, and think.

Sitting upon the garret floor, sorting the tintypes, Beth came upon the picture of her quaint little great-grandmother Allen, her ringlets and her coral pin, her thread lace collar, one shoulder poked up through the low neck of her challis-delaine.

"She — all these folks look so happy, mother. They didn't have any torpedoes in those days, did they?"

"There were Indians — and other things. Great-grandmother Allen found her husband dead in the field, an arrow through his heart, and herded her five little children twenty miles to the fort, living on nuts and berries and —"

"But this picture was taken afterwards, and she looks so pleasant."

"She had to keep right on working, I expect, and when she did get time to sit down and brood, after spinning and cooking, and sewing and nursing her

little ones and her neighbors, she was probably so tired that she just slept, and she grew happy again naturally."

Toby began to call from below. He was saying: "Say, Beth — Say, Beth —" and again monotonously, "Say, Beth —"

"Perhaps it's the telephone," she cried, and stumbled toward the stairs. Toby was in the hall. Beth brushed him aside. Her father was coming up the front walk. His face was working strangely. Two tears were finding their way to his bristling gray moustache. He held out his arms.

"It's all right! Herb's all right! He's on his way to Belfast. I've been sitting at the wire — My little girl! My baby! Cry all you want to, old lady. We'll all cry. Mother — Betsy, don't make such a fuss. I've got the cable in my pocket. Herb's all right!"

Beth's mother had settled down upon the stair weakly, her head against the newel post, her hand to her throat. Toby who had run from the hall at sight of his father's tears, now returned with a wire cage. It was packed with rats. This he thrust into Beth's hands, saying gruffly: "I'm sorry for Herb. You can have 'em."

"But, Buddy, Herb's all right. Daddy found out for me. He's in Ireland."

Toby looked from one to the other in stupefaction. Then he waved his hand carelessly.

"You can keep 'em anyway," he said. "I got 'em for you."

Two Poems

By MARTIN FEINSTEIN

"C'EST LA GUERRE"

Between my heart and yours lies No-Man's-Land,
Entrenched and evil-wired,
Where ragged trees shiver in the wind, and stand
Abashed and tired,
Where nothing beautiful is found,
And death is keeper of the ground.

Between our lives, O love, lie desolate years,
Ruined cities of France,
Where all the streets ring hollow, and one hears
The ghostly dance
Of doors and shutters swinging in the wind,
Gossiping tales of women who had sinned.

If I could only sow the waste again
With poppies and green grass and summer rain!

"APRES LA GUERRE"

After the grey days and the grey nights expire,
And the hearts of men
Turn to the sun, O my love, whatsoever your lips
will require
Will be good again.

Others will weigh in the balance the battles I fought,
For folly or loss,
But I shall not hear, O my heart, I shall see in your
eyes what I sought;
I have lifted my cross.

Such things will not matter, that death leaned close
to my shoulder,
And smiled in my face,
That darkness clung to my side, and grief, grown
wiser, older,
Whispered, "There is no grace,

"Only the grey days and the grey nights; it is better
so."—

But the hearts of men
Turn to the sun; O my love, what your lips will
require I know
Will be good again.

The Dead Poet

(IN MEMORY OF JOYCE KILMER)

By PAUL LYMAN BENJAMIN

The glen is still to-night,
There is no sound of voice or bird,
Nor any living thing has stirred
Within the mottled light
That bends — a wraith of elfin white —
Among the trees;
Nor any sight to see
Of flitting lanterns in the dell.
There is no whispering
Of little folk amid the leaves,
No pattering of tinkling feet
Within the grottoes of the dark;
No fairy bell
Pricks thro the dim, black wing
Where all the shadows brood;
No wood-notes sweet
Of dove or thrush or lark
Charm the still air.
There is a hushed quiet everywhere
As tho a symbol or a word
Had slipped along the byways of the wood,
And all the kinfolk of the wild
Had heard that he —
Borne upward on the wings of light —
Had said his last farewell,

No more to sing
Nor ever more to bring
To all the world the whimsies of a child.
And so they mourn for him
Throughout the pregnant silence of the night.

Nocturne

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

The chimneys watch and whisper,
The street-lamps blink and glow,
The pavements stare and glisten —
Dear God, how much they know.

Within the square, where shadows
In long gray fringes lie,
The fountain, chill and silent,
Reflects the leaden sky.

Grim, like the muffled echo
Of war's retreating heels,
The dull, insistent rumble
Of distant thunder peals.

And, pacing cold and hopeless
The watches of the night,
A ragged beggar curses
The windows warm with light.

Knowing Dad

By IVAL McPEAK

Dad and I have often been taken for brothers. I think it's because we have always had more of a man-to-man understanding than father and son usually do. We began to know each other in my earliest boyhood; and later, when we "bached it" together in a very empty, weatherbeaten farmhouse, there was perfected between us a comradeship that came out of sharing a great loneliness.

Many things helped me to know Dad, chief among them the incident by the window,—an episode which for the space of a few years was only a mystery insubstantially woven of detached words, silences, and apprehensive feelings. Hence, in the telling of those things that set forth the greater mystery of Dad himself, there comes insistently the feeling of a hot summer afternoon, and the sensation of lying on a red plush couch in front of the window and being shielded from the sun by the green curtain pulled down. The images of faces and gestures are clear, but the talk is fragmentary, just as it was the first time, before I was prepared to hear it all.

In the beginning, however, I believe it was the incident of the dark wood that made me see, after a childish fashion, into the mind of Dad, at least to sense a more than surface difference between him and Mother. I remember looking down a narrow

road that branched off from the highway at the corner of our dooryard and noticing a thick wood that seemed to stretch away into mysterious distances. And straightway I became afraid of that wood as something that should not be passed by at night. It was a dark mass of trees, unlike the friendly Corot shades of the grove in our yard. A neighbor boy shortly afterwards told me that the devil came up out of that wood to catch and devour boys, whether they were good or bad. I ran into the house to ask Mother if the devil lived down there. She was painting trees with a brush on a piece of canvas. But she laid down her brush, took me in her lap, and talked a good while in words which I didn't understand, but from which I gathered that being good would insure me against harm from Satan, no matter how near he was. Then I got down and watched her paint. A few minutes later Dad came in. As I remember it now, he seemed to look on with an uncomprehending approval until, taking notice of me, he found words for praise. He lifted me up, pointed at the canvas, and said something in which I caught the words, "Mamma—pretty picture." That night, when the fear of the devil and the wood possessed me again, I asked Dad about it out by the barn. I think he was a bit puzzled for a moment at my question; then with a touch of gruffness he said, "No, there ain't any devil in those woods." Presently, in a matter-of-fact voice, he added, "That piece of timber belongs to Mr. Brundage." That was the first time I had heard the name, but it stayed by me always. Mr. Brundage, unluckily identified with the devil, was a person to be feared.

Then, there are other memories that stand out curiously clear in vague settings: Mother sewing and painting incessantly before Christmas; Dad glancing up at the ill-fitting stovepipe of the many elbows and remarking that "Santa Claus would have a hard time coming down *that*;" Grandma Stillwell visiting us, always with something for me, and afterwards Mother and Dad trying to explain why she never came any more. Mother told me she had gone to heaven, and went on to describe what sort of place that was; but Dad, uninstructed, said that she was dead. Then, I suppose, they got together on their stories, for I was comforted by Dad's promise that "we would all see Grandma Stillwell some day."

One spring morning I was made to realize that I was six years old, nearly seven, and must go to school. At the breakfast table Mother commanded me to go straight to school, to come straight home, to keep my face and hands clean, and to get my lessons. To all of which Dad added the sweeping admonition, "And mind what the teacher says!" "Teacher" turned out to be a big-framed man with a sonorous voice, who waved his blackboard pointer furiously when we sang *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*. And in me there was a feeling of resentment at having to obey this alien person thrust upon me. I began to look upon Dad with a new sort of affection that set him out sharply from among men. He was the one to whom I was glad to get back at the end of the day's work, the one whom it was becoming a privilege to obey.

In another sense, I imagine that I was more intimate with Mother during these times. It is hard to tell about that; her personality has become dim through the years. But without doubt I took more pride in associating with Dad and doing the things that met with his approval, some of the same pride I had in holding my own with the boys in playing "ball" or making good use of my fists in turbulent walks home from school. On the occasion of one of these frays I scented a smothered disagreement between Mother and Dad. She told me it was wrong to fight and almost made me feel ashamed of myself. Dad kept quiet while she was talking, then added that "this had to be stopped." But even a seven-year-old may sometimes plumb the sincerity of parental disapproval. A week or so later I slipped out to the field where Dad was working. With nose bleeding, I maintained that "I had to do it!" He looked a bit stern, but didn't say much until we were back in the house, and then he said it to Mother. Of course, he gave me a conventional scolding, wherein he was vigorously abetted by her. They did agree, however, that I shouldn't draw pictures in school in place of studying.

Eventually came the "last day" with the packing home of book and slate, and the freedom of the summer vacation. There were more ball games, visits to the swimming hole, barefoot marathons across pastures and up dusty roads, and one day of miracle and romance at the circus in Mound City. I remember, too, of following Dad when he was plowing corn,

— of digging toes into the cool of freshly furrowed earth and delighting in the shimmer and ripple of a field of young corn. On rainy days I often stayed indoors drawing, taking especial pleasure in this when Mother would be working on one of her paintings. Yet, I imagine Mother regarded the making of pictures merely as a nice accomplishment with which one might employ leisure hours. I know it was many years before I looked upon my own efforts as having to do with the serious business of life. To Dad, perhaps, it was all a matter beyond him and hence one with which he should not concern himself. Even when I was able to point out a press notice of one of my pictures at a club exhibit, his most considerable comment was a remark to a neighbor afterwards that I “took after Laura.” Dad had little to say regarding many things that vitally touched me. In me he was interested, and through me my work received a silent recognition.

During this first vacation Aunt Rhoda — substantial Aunt Rhoda — descended upon us from a place known as Colorado. She was a large woman, capable and officious. Her husband came along and stayed for two or three days. He was also substantial, but with a stingy compactness of physique, with no waste of bone. He talked to Dad in short unintelligible sentences, but otherwise seemed to move about in a self-made background. He did, however, give me a nickel, bidding me put it into a bank. Aunt Rhoda oppressed me with vehement talk about minding Papa and Mamma and growing up to be a

fine young man, but I soon began to take note that Dad and Mother were also victims. Dad smiled tolerantly and whisked off swarms of words with noncommittal rejoinders. I felt a satisfaction that he appeared to take her no more seriously than I did, but, of course, I understood little of what was being talked about. I didn't know Dad yet, nor Aunt Rhoda, for that matter.

Some awareness of the situation was brought to me one day when Mother had to quit arguing with Aunt Rhoda on account of a long spell of coughing. And immediately I realized I had heard that cough many times before. I had grown accustomed to it, no doubt. Aunt Rhoda said something then about "consumption" and evidently it had to do with that cough. An uneasiness too vague for the relief of a question took possession of me.

One evening, after Aunt Rhoda had become an institution around home, I fell down our steep, narrow stairs, rolled all the way to the bottom, landing with a most painful bump. She ran and picked me up; Mother followed, crying out with almost a scream, "Why, Elwin!" and between the two I was diagnosed and comforted. Dad entered the room, looking about as nearly scared as I have ever seen him, but in a steady voice he called out to me, "Hurt ye much?" There was a quality in Dad's voice that threw out a challenge to hardihood, and I managed to gasp, "No, not much." And years afterwards, in Dad's very silence I have felt something like this same challenge going out to me, a quiet expectancy

of things to be accomplished, a looking forward to a success, denied to him, to be achieved by me.

Well, Aunt Rhoda left soon after. Then followed days when Mother's cough forced itself upon my attention. Sometimes she would take a nap at odd hours of the day, and this made me curious. A persistent picture of those days is Dad and Mother at mealtimes, sitting at the table, looking at each other in a strained fashion, and saying things at long intervals. Once or twice I caught the name of Brundage, the owner of the dark wood, and he seemed to be connected with a forbidding affair known as "mortgage." And from time to time a man with a tiny spade of gray beard called in. That was Doctor Lain, and he left uncomfortable silences behind him.

It was on a day after one of his visits that I began to have the pain of the falling downstairs all over again, and when Doctor Lain came the next time, he told me to go to bed. It appeared that my fall had bred mischief in the form of an evil hip disease. He talked a great deal to Dad and Mother whenever he called; there was much said about "operation" and "Chicago", words of vague but tremendous import. But always Dr. Lain insisted rigorously on my keeping very quiet.

Then neighbors swarmed in — I never knew we had so many neighbors — and women said soft, meaningless things over me. I confess that at first I was guilty of a pleasurable feeling in receiving all this attention; there was a dignity in being sick.

But soon the visits grew irritating. This invasion of outside persons drew me in those days a little closer to Dad and Mother, to Dad especially, — Dad, who could never walk across the floor cautiously enough to suit Mother, but who brought with him the health and vigor of the out-of-doors whenever he came and sat down beside me. I spent most of my time in the front room. Here on long afternoons Mother would do her mending and sewing — she hadn't painted lately — and I would lie or sit propped up on a red plush couch, that had been placed in front of a window facing the road. To get away from the insistent torture of my pain, I gazed out at teams passing by, looked at books with plenty of pictures in them, or drew with the colored pencils Dad had bought me.

One afternoon, during an interval of ease when I thought I was getting better, I fell asleep, and as usual Mother pulled down the green curtain to keep out the sun. I heard the rattle of it just as I was dozing off. But it was too hot for sleeping soundly. Half-awake, I opened my eyes, feeling all through me the oppressive languor of a sultry midsummer. But with this sensation I had an uneasy alertness that something out of the ordinary was going on.

Dad and Mother were standing by my couch and talking. It was unusual for Dad to come into the house in the middle of the afternoon; on sunshiny days he was out in the fields working. Somehow I was sure they were talking about me. Strangely detached came the words:

“That can wait!”

It was Mother who spoke them. She apparently said this with great effort, and the words seemed to be suspended in the air as if urging attention. The silence that followed might have lasted for seconds or for uncounted hours. Then Dad shook his head in some sort of voiceless denial, but Mother went a little closer to him and called "Andrew!" as though she were trying to waken him from sleep, and the rest of her words were forgotten in the immensity of the stillness that closed in upon them. Finally Dad said something in a choked voice; I heard "get ready to go," and as he turned to leave the room, he named the name of Brundage. The dread dream quality of that name is not gone from me yet, years after old man Brundage is dead and buried.

After Dad had gone out, Mother sat down and looked at me a long time without appearing to know that I was fully awake by this time. I started to ask, "What's the matter?" That roused her; she bent over me and drew me to her desperately.

Many times in the months that followed did this incident by the window come to me, insisting on interpretation. Portentous as it was in its words and silences, even in its vagueness, I have often wondered that it should have haunted so persistently the mind of a seven-year-old. Of course, there were unusual elements in it: Dad coming into the front room in the middle of the afternoon, the hint of secrecy in being talked about when I was supposed to be asleep, and the suggestion of a journey, prob-

ably unpleasant, since it had to do with Brundage. But another thing undoubtedly added to its importance: a morning or two later the promise of a journey was fulfilled. Dad drove Mother and me to the railroad station, and I had my first ride on the cars. It was a long ride that ended in an infinite jumble of noises and high walls of brick, — quite different from the Chicago I had built up on the way. Then there were sickening fumes of ether, sweaty bandages, puttering doctors, and the longest days of my life lying in one of the many beds in a white-walled room. And through it all, the face of Mother, pale, anxious, reassuring.

We got back home in the fall, and sometime in the winter I began to take short steps and found myself walking. And by then Mother was in bed most of the time. Dr. Lain became a regular visitor and left bottle after bottle of medicine. Dad hired a girl to do the housework and take care of Mother. But I started to enter the kitchen one day just after she had done scrubbing. In defense of a newly spotless floor, she shrieked "Git out!" at me and waved the mop threateningly. Well, at that instant Dad stepped through the door and handed her some money, whereat she flew upstairs and left within the hour. I did not find out exactly what had happened until the next day, and for a good while afterwards I had a particularly warm feeling for Dad, with a bit of pride thrown in. A distant cousin of the family helped us for a week or so, and she charmed me with wonderful stories. But finally Aunt Rhoda came,

and the cousin departed. Aunt Rhoda was thinner now, yet capable and aggressive as ever. In some way, in a way that was strange for her, she gave me to understand that Mother was not expected to live.

Spring arrived with its rains and muddy roads, but it was not thought safe yet for me to go to school, so I was allowed to stay at home. And, just as I had become used to the cough before, so now, Mother in bed, Aunt Rhoda busying herself about the house, and Dad and I sleeping together upstairs, seemed the accepted and permanent order of things, in spite of Aunt Rhoda's disquieting prophecy. And meanwhile neighbor women talked softly with Mother in the bed-room and let their voices out with Aunt Rhoda in the kitchen.

On sunshiny days I took to going with Dad in the fields the last hour before he would quit work. An immense comfort there was in this companionship of the open field, in the riding or walking together, talking a little, but learning one another rather in long silences. I came to regard him as belonging wholly to me: no commanding relative bade me run on while she took him in charge. I was beginning to feel a new kinship to Dad.

Finally on an April morning when I awoke, Dad told me that Mother was dead. I do not remember just what I felt for a while afterwards. But I do know that before we went downstairs I suddenly became more conscious of our comradeship: Dad and I would stick together now, for sure.

Relatives poured in, relatives who have never seen each other since. Unknown female relatives

took me up and said, "And this is Laura's boy!" Then the minister — the funeral. . . . Why couldn't folks go away and leave one alone with the companionships that remained? And Dad, beset with sorrowful talk and important whisperings, was all the time somehow shoved into the background. How I resented his being so wholly taken in hand by softly treading strangers!

After the drive home from the cemetery, Uncle Mark, who had come for the funeral, Mrs. Wilson, our nearest neighbor, and Aunt Rhoda, were still with us. Mrs. Wilson stayed to help put the house to rights, and committed the sacrilege of wearing Mother's brown "mother hubbard." Aunt Rhoda talked strenuously to Dad; I knew they were discussing what was to be done with me. I heard her say, "Laura always meant for me to take Elwin." I didn't want to go with her: twenty-two miles over a country road was far from home. But Dad got me off by saying that it was only for a visit, that Auntie would take good care of me, and that he would come to see me once in a while. Dimly sensing the paradox in his assurance, I rode away with Aunt Rhoda and Uncle Mark in their carriage. I looked back at Dad standing by the gate as long as I could. . . . That night at Aunt Rhoda's I cried myself into a dream-ridden sleep. The room was full of people, and I was looking for Dad among them. . . .

I suppose that, with the selfish grief of a child, I felt only my own lonesomeness in those days, but I have often since contemplated the drab heroism of

him who lived alone in our empty, gray house. Usually I think of him doing the chores in the evening, looking for a light in the kitchen, then going in and cooking his supper, — doing that dreary task of cooking and eating his own meal alone. It is perhaps only a fancy of mine that on windy autumn nights he delayed going inside, so that he might put off hearing the rattling of doors and windows, the howling and whistling of the wind around the house and down the chimney.

On such nights I dreamed, but the dreams went back to the episode by the window. I watched them again, and feared for a terrible word that Dad would speak, at which Mother would grow deathly pale and then black in the face. Sometimes nothing would be clear except the drowsy feeling, the summer heat, the pulling down of the curtain, and an indefinite sense of tragedy. At other times there would be a wild cry of "Brundage! Brundage!" and a shapeless devil would rush in, and I would be awake with the fear of what was going to happen next. I do not remember any well-defined dreams about Mother save those connected with the window incident; so the incident itself began to take on the semblance of a dream. Possibly that is why I never plucked up enough courage to ask anyone about it.

Well, life at Aunt Rhoda's was not to my liking. They lived on an enormous farm; never did our little piece of ground seem so small. I learned later that Uncle Mark had acquired the place by a lucky gamble in real estate about the time of my falling

downstairs. They had two overgrown daughters who were vigorous with me in their sisterly solicitude. Clarissa and Emma they were called, and I have never liked those names since.

But I endured three years of living there and chafing under the sisters' surveillance around the house and at the district school. And meanwhile Aunt Rhoda was on the way to working herself to death, working indoors and outdoors, and could not give much time to me. Uncle Mark kept on moving in his self-made background and talking gruffly and unintelligibly to persons who worked for him. But there were rare occasions, almost too good to be enjoyed, when Dad came to see me or let me go home with him for a day or so. At Christmas once he stayed for three or four days; yet when he did go away, I felt as if he had left me shut up in a luxurious prison.

Suddenly, one Sunday forenoon—it was in the late summer—he drove up to the front gate without unhitching, and told Aunt Rhoda that he was going to take me away for good. She protested in emphatic tones, but to no avail. She was long getting my things ready. Her husband smoked on the back porch, whither he had betaken himself after greeting Dad indifferently. I learned afterwards of how Uncle Mark had complained that I took too much of Aunt Rhoda's time. That settled it. I went back home with Dad.

And what a joyous content there was in this homecoming!—in the noting of the familiar turns in the

last few miles of road; the looking out from the top of a rise for the hilly acres, the grove, and the gray house of our farm; the driving into the barnyard as dusk was coming on!

Then years of rare comradeship began. This life of "baching it", this getting on together in man-to-man fashion had something peculiarly wholesome about it. I helped Dad do the chores and cook the meals, and in the evenings we would play checkers, or he would read to me out of one of Mother's books. When school began in September, he would sometimes help me with my lessons; together we would puzzle over problems in fractions and hard words in McGuffey's Fourth Reader. Then on Saturday nights we went to town — to Mound City — where he often spent on me what must have been to him a big sum. I remember one night, after he had bought me a new suit, as well as some school books and a set of water color paints, he spread out on his hand a few remaining coins and remarked, "Well, I've spent a lot of money, but — I'm glad I've got a boy to spend it on."

There were hardships, of course, in this sort of life, prosaic, unromantic hardships. It was hard for me some winter afternoons to come home from school before Dad had got back from hauling wood, and to freeze over the building of a fire, — and it took a rousing fire to heat that house. But the return of Dad on such nights was all the more welcome. On the whole, these days are pleasant to think upon.

Mrs. Wilson dropped in once in a while to go through the house with a thorough sweeping and scrubbing and to put everything into housewifely order. But the furniture and the rugs and the pictures on the wall were left as they had been. Even the red plush couch remained by the front window. It had never been moved back to its old position in a corner of the room. Looking at it sometimes, especially on a summer afternoon, I thought of the enigmatic dialogue that had taken place when I was supposed to be asleep. Twice I dreamed that things might all have been different if only the right words had been spoken, if I, indeed, had said certain words that would have set matters right. But after a time I ceased to dream about the incident, and it lost its immediate haunting quality.

Only once did anything threaten the perfection of our comradeship. One night in town I was waiting for Dad on the sidewalk in front of the livery stable where our team was kept. Looking up the street, I saw him walking along with a woman whom I had never seen before, who could possibly be no relative of ours. Somehow I had a sense of being left out of a confidence, a feeling that an outsider was coming between us. But, at most, this amounted to nothing more than a premonition, until rumor put it on the tongues of my schoolmates that Dad was going to marry "that Mrs. Churchill." Then I could not help talking to Dad about it one night. At first, I was sorry for having done so; his face kindled with a strange displeasure and sternness. But presently

this was gone; he gazed for a while at nothing in particular, and he appeared to be thinking hard. Then he put his hands on my shoulders and said to me man-to-man-like, "No, I guess you and me can run the place alone."

The passing of this crisis led me to notice that other fathers and sons did not get along as we did, and I took a new pride in my peculiar relationship with Dad. And in this pride, I am sure, there was a bit of unselfish devotion. The healthy selfishness of the boy predominated, to be sure, yet there must have been with me the beginnings of a grown-up's understanding of parental work and worry.

In fact, I grew into a sort of maturity in those four years with Dad; earlier than most boys, I felt responsibility. This was due, in part, to the natural, yet unspoken, desire of Dad's that I should attain more success in the world than had been his portion. Accordingly, I became more studious at school as time went on, and delved into encyclopedias for the technique and the shop talk of half the known callings. I became known as being entirely too serious for one so young. And an odd hour with the pencil or watercolors was simply good fun, like a sleighing party or a fishing trip up the river, and had nothing to do with my sober looking forward into the future.

It was undoubtedly this desire to make a way for myself that persuaded me to go to Chicago with Aunt Rhoda when she came for me the second time. Her husband had died, the farm had been sold, Clarissa and Emma were safely married out West,

and Aunt Rhoda was left with income and leisure. Having friends in Chicago, she was determined to taste of city life. She begged me to come live with her and promised to put me through school.

It was not so hard leaving Dad this time: adventure lay ahead of me, and the chance of accomplishing things for the sake of both of us. Only after he had driven us to the station and someone shouted "All aboard!" did I feel a moment of regretfulness. Then, for a while after the train had pulled out of the depot, I hardly listened to what Aunt Rhoda was saying. For, in an onrush of memories, I was thinking of the trip taken seven years ago with Mother and of the incident that had been so mysteriously associated with my first going to Chicago,—the scene of words and silences by the window. In the remembering of it this time, there was the quick heart-beating of one who is on the threshold of a revelation: something would open up to me if I could but put together rightly all the words and gestures and feelings. Presently it occurred to me that Aunt Rhoda might help me. But even as I was on the point of framing a question to ask her, the incident had curiously been dissolved into a vagueness and unimportance that would make my question sound absurd to solid, practical Aunt Rhoda. Back in the light-of-day realities, I was peering out the window to see what sort of town we were passing through.

And Chicago,—so little did I remember from my former visit that I was really viewing the city for the first time,—Chicago had me staring open-eyed,

open-mouthed, at the wonder of it. For days I reveled in this stupendous carnival; but I got used to it soon enough, and it became just another work-a-day world, only bigger and more exhilarating than the old one.

Then followed six years of attending grammar and high school, of doing sketches for school papers and annuals, of forgetting that I had come to Chicago to find myself, of living completely and contentedly in the present. I went home for the greater part of the summer vacations, — how still and dull was everything on getting back that first summer! And Dad, patient old Dad, listened to the gossip of Chicago and to tales of inter-class feuds, while we were hoeing potatoes, and he was doing most of the work! Once during a winter, he came out to visit me; and mine was the prideful pleasure of showing him about the city — my city, so bewildering to him, so simple to me!

But toward the end of my last year in school I woke up to the fact that my drawing and painting had all the time yielded me the most satisfying hours. In the thinking on this and the obtaining of some expert criticism, I found a life work. That summer after graduation from high school, I did not go home; for, in my eager unrest, I had decided that I would not visit Dad again until I could face him with a promise of achievement, with a little of the wisdom and the craft that should come out of a year's study of art! So, I entered the Art Institute. There were dull days over cast drawing and per-

spective, but, on the whole, the work meant for me more abundant living, more doing with the vital and worthwhile things.

Late in the following spring Aunt Rhoda died suddenly. She had told me once of the contents of her will, so I was not surprised to find that I shared equally with the daughters, Clarissa and Emma. It was a modest portion, as fortunes go, but it insured me an income and enabled me to plan on putting new life into the farm at home.

After this, I grew more and more anxious to see Dad again: I had very much to tell him. But a bit of poster work, which I could not have very well refused, kept me from leaving Chicago until the latter part of June. And in the packing of my suit-case, the consulting of the time-table, and the buying of the ticket to Mound City, I had all the pleasure of preparing for a journey to picturesque and far-away places.

Out of the coolness of early morning I rode for hours through the midsummer glare of the open prairie. On arriving at Mound City shortly after twelve, I caught a ride out home with a neighbor who was in town for repairs on his corn plow. I intended to surprise Dad, and had not announced my coming. It had been only two years since I had ridden over this road, but it might have been twenty, so good was it to get back.

At the home place there was little changed. One of the Corot trees of the grove patterned huge, lace-like shadows on the house; the flat strip of country

to the southwest was blanketed in the green of Brundage's dark wood; and the stillness of mid-summer lay heavy on the land. I went into the house, and in the front room found the same rag carpet, the boldly figured cloth on the center-table, and the red plush couch in front of the window. A few of Mother's paintings hung on the wall. If only she could have been there! How we would have talked things over — how eager was I to show my new wisdom and craft!

I looked for Dad, but he was nowhere about the house or barn; he was, no doubt, plowing corn. I wanted to go out to the field, but I was dead tired from the lack of sleep and the wearisome ride: a reaction had set in, after the first keen excitement of homecoming. Besides, (this plan came to me brilliantly, like the thoughts just before dozing off) if I were going to surprise Dad, why not do it thoroughly? I would take a nap, then wash the dishes, which had been left on the table from noon, and get supper. Surely I had not lost the knack of frying eggs and potatoes and making tea. I would use the oil-stove: no smoke from the chimney would betray my presence to Dad.

I dropped on the couch by the front window. It sagged comfortably under me; the squeaking of the springs seemed all of a piece with the dream-like silence. The sunlight filling the room appeared to be forever fixed and motionless here, as if it were a very part of the walls and the carpet and the furniture. Then, in the midst of the luxurious stupor

that was stealing over me, I noticed that the green curtain of my window was rolled nearly to the top. I might be more comfortable if it were pulled down. But I was loth to disturb the half-dozed into which I had fallen. Even the stuffiness of the room had a soporific potency, and it was easier to close the eyes. . . . Presently, however, there seemed to be no need for me to make the effort. The curtain was being pulled down; I could hear the rattle of it. Mother always did that when she saw I was falling asleep.

But, after the first fatigue had passed away, I opened my eyes. It was too hot to sleep well, and I felt all through me the oppressive sultriness of mid-summer. Yet I had an uneasy alertness that something definite had wakened me, after all. I turned to look.

Mother and Dad were standing by my couch. They were talking, and immediately I realized that they had been talking for some time. And I had a curious feeling that I had been listening to them all the while, so that I understood the reason for what Mother was saying:

"But, Andrew, you know what Dr. Lain said. It has to be done right away, or else he can't — he'll be helpless!"

Mother was trying to look straight into Dad's face as she talked; but he stood with head bent over, seeing nothing. Without glancing up, he answered:

"And what's he been sayin' about your lungs. You've got to go — a change of climate in four months, he says, if you're ever going to get over it."

"He's exaggerating it, I tell you! I've been feeling lots better the last week or two. And just as soon as you can manage it, I'm going to take Elwin to Chicago."

Now Dad lifted his eyes to Mother.

"But you got to have —"

"That — that can wait!"

The words leaped up, commanding attention, challenging remembrance. . . .

Dad shook his head in some sort of voiceless denial, but Mother went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Andrew!" She paused to subdue the unsteadiness in her voice. "You must — it's going to be done! You remember what he said about this being — fatal — sometimes?"

Then for unmeasured time, silence and the breathless waiting for what was to follow. And here it was that I felt certain words should be spoken. But even while trying to think of them, I remembered that this idea of words which should have made all things right had come from a dream.

Finally Dad spoke in a choked voice:

"All right, get ready to go. I'll see Brundage, — he'll take a second mortgage." He turned and left the room. . . .

A wave of the sultry midsummer swept down upon me. I stared at the ceiling, around the room, up at the green curtain rolled to the top of the window. By the measure of the shadows, the day had gone a little way toward its ending; but the stillness

of afternoon yet lay on the out-of-doors, and there was silence again in the room. Then, with a sensation of something breaking loose within me, I forgot the heat, the discomfort, the need of sleep.

It seemed as if here was a thing that I should always have known. There may be a psychic jargon for such experiences, but just then, this only was very clear: I had seen and heard again that which had happened before, — seen and heard when I was able to know and understand. And to take away a little of the bitterness and torment of what I had learned, I busied myself feverishly with plans, — how I would stay and work with Dad as long as I possibly could this summer, how we would use the money. Yes, plenty of money now, which might be put to some use, — paying off the remainder of the mortgages, building a new barn, buying things.

Steps sounded in the kitchen. Dad had probably glimpsed me from a high point in the field, as I was riding down the road. He was coming in to see me. And the wisdom and the craft, the vaunted fripperies that are bought with a price, fell away; and I rose very humbly to take by the hand him whom I was beginning to know, — a little.

The Old Roman Road

By HOYT COOPER

England is a peaceful land, a land of long ago;
The stars that look on England watch her children
 come and go —
Saxon, Norman, Briton, the stars for them have
 glowed —
A thousand years from us they shone upon the
 Roman Road.

The English sun is high above the daisy dales and
 dells,
And Summer's on the land like the music of far
 bells, —
Poppies red among the wheat, — and ripe grass
 mowed,
Where the sound of ancient battles died along the
 Roman Road.

When Hadrian made a barrier at the ending of the
 world,
And the great name of Rome at the savage Picts
 was hurled,
The high gods of Latium found a new abode,
And Jupiter the Thunderer ruled the Roman Road.

The old Roman Road, the old Roman Road,
A way of wonder to the lad who would not stay at
home,
Who wearied of his villa in the soft Italian land,
And kissed his lady mother and faced northward out
of Rome.

Ah! life was young in Britain, and wander-gold was
there,
And glory to be gained with a love-rose in her hair —
But for young Patrician Pontius adventure was the
goad,
When he won to white Londinium and took the Ro-
man Road.

Up past Eboracum marched legions out of Gaul,
Through the heart of Britain, to guard the northern
wall —
Every town was brisk with trade as swinging by
they strode
Marching, marching, marching on the old Roman
Road.

Governors in purple, dancing girls in red,
Wanderers from all the world along this road were
led —
Thirsty troopers tramping with spear and shield for
load,
And campfires at night all along the Roman Road.

By the old Roman Road where the legions marched
 along,
The ploughboy finds a rusty coin and sells it for a
 song,
And where the flashing chariot creaked beneath its
 load,
The gypsy tinker's cart jogs by along the Roman
 Road.

Three Poems

By MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

THE RETURN

Moonlight and summer hills belong
To another land, —
Here every face is ashes, every song
Is emptier than the wind across the sand.

Here memory trails idle fingers
Across a grave,
An empty, grass-grown grave, where no ghost
 lingers,
And not a withered rose is left to save.

Was this youth's one-time country? Never!
Framed in a dream
Only this much of youth is safe forever —
Moonlight, tall trees, and music down the stream.

CANDLES

Silence is but the golden frame
That holds your face;
My thoughts, like unblown candle-flame
In a holy place
Surround you. From this secret shrine
Somewhere apart
Can you not feel my candles shine
Upon your heart?

IF THIS IS YOUTH —

The old folk, looking back through years
Which turned them grey
Talk endlessly. I close my ears
To all they say,

Till they turn to their youth. With nodding head
And faltering tongue,
They speak in a dream when they have said:
“Then we were young!”

For me day follows weary day
And nights are cold,
If this be youth, what shall I say
When I am old!

Echoes

By CHANDLER TRIMBLE

I

"O-o-o, tchain! Mama. Tchain!"

"There, Sweet. Train will not hurt Sweetheart.

(— Where is he? O — there, with his men.

Heart's love! I cannot let him go. . . .)

See daddy, Sweet?" (Lifting the little one.) "He's coming.

Wave to daddy, — see?"

But the little one, whimpering piteously:

"Mama! Tchain! "

II

O little heart upleaned against his breast!

O girlish arms encircled round him sweet!

O little dreams, where will ye make your nest?

His life so dear — and Death so sure and fleet!

What will ye do when love's weak clasp is broken?

What shall ye hold when hopes no longer be?

How shall he tell thee, heart, his true love's token:

"Love fareth where thine eyes are blind to see."

